¶A VVARNYNG

Foꝛ the cittie of London. That the Dwellers, there in may Repent their evyll Lyues foꝛ feare of Goddes Plages.

☞ ✠(::)✠ ☜

To ſpeake the truthe, Let me nothynge ſpare.
But without feare, the veretie to declare.
Foꝛ ſclaunderus woꝛdes, I do not care
Repent ye cittylnes of London.

¶ Seke all the plaſys, in Chriſtys dominyon.
And I do beleue, in my opyngnyon.
That non hath hardemoꝛe, of the treu evanglyon
Repent ye cyttizyns of London.

¶ Haue ye not had, of Godes woꝛde ſuche ſtoꝛe.
As neuer no cittie, hath had heretofoꝛe.
And yet amendement of Lyfe, is nere the moꝛe.
Repent ye cyttizyns of London.

¶ What preachyngs ye haue had, euen in our age
Of lerned men, Both ſapient and ſage.
Wheꝛof ſome hath gone, to the counter oꝛ cage.
Repent ye cittizyns of London.

¶ Where hath the Goſpell, byne moꝛe frely pꝛeched.
Where hath the veritie, byne moꝛe truly teached.
Where hath Godes flocke, byn moꝛe apeached.
Repent ye cittizyns of London.

¶ I thynke yf the citties, of Gomer and Sodome
Had had ſuche warnynge, as to you hath come.
They wolde haue Repented, their ſhamful Hoꝛdom.
Repent ye cittizyns of London.

The people that were drowned in Noes Floude,
Suerly in noughtines, were no moze woode.
Then is the sittizyns, whiche shoulde be good.
Repent ye sittizyns of London.

☞ Haue not your Bysshops, with strange sacrifise.
Whiche they haue offred, before Godes eyes.
W Nadab and Abyhu, to haue death lykwyse.
Repent ye sittizyns of London.

¶ Haue not your Prieſtes, offred vnto Ball.
And do yet on straunge Gods both cry and call.
Deseruynge a Danyell on them to fall.
Repent ye sittizyns of London.

¶ What is the cause, that God hath sent,
Such blynde gydes, ouer you to haue Judgment,
But that you were neuer yet wyllyng to Repent.
ye sittizyns of London.

¶ Hath not God sent you, both bullardes and kytes
To mynister vnto you wronge in stede of tyghtes.
¶ & haue ben dombe dogges w lacking ther sightes
Repent ye sittizyns of London.

¶ These haue you mayntayned, and do tot his day.
Fedynge their panchys, and clothynge them gay.
And mayntayne them with Hozses, to ryde in ryche (aray
Repent ye sittizyns of London.

¶ But he that truly preached with you at any tyme,
Was neuer bydden, with most of you to dyne.
But was sent to newgate, in chaynes to pyne.
Repent ye sittizyns of London.

¶ Haue you not accusyd, the Innocents to death.
And broght thē to smythfyld, ther to lese their breth
God of you wyl axe their bloud, as ꝑ scripture saith
Repent ye sittizyns of London.

☞ The good creature of God, called An Askewe.
For declarynge the veritie, both Just and true.

Was she not Bourned in Smythfield of youe
Repent ye sittizyns of London.
For speakynge agaynst ỳ abuse of the sacrmẽt.
And for not apeachynge other to your intent.
Was she not for these, both rackyd and brent.
Repent ye sittizens of London.
☞ Was not he glad, that had a Pollax in his hand
Wt it as a witnes, at her death to stande.
Thynkynge therby, to inherite the heauenly lande.
Repent ye sittizyns of London.
☞ O what bloude hath byn shedde in your cittie.
To reherse all their Names, in this simple dittie.
It wolde prouoke Tourkes, with lamẽtable pittie.
Repent ye sittizyns of London.
Hath not the maryed Man, here lost his Lyfe.
And hath not the Housbande here lost his Wyfe.
And all for the Truthe, suche was your strife.
Repent ye sittizyns of London.
Hath not the Father, seene his Chylde bourned.
And ỳ Mother, the Doughter vnto ashys tourned.
For which dede done, the parentes sore mozned.
Repent ye citizens of London.
With you the brother, hath betrayd the brother.
And hath accused, the one the other.
I am ryght sure, you can saye none other.
Repent ye citizens of London.
☞ Not only this, but you haue also.
Hanged the true man, and let the theefe go.
Example by Hunne, that it was so.
Repent ye citizyns of London.
This blyndnes, hath God let in you to rayne.
Bycause his true prophets, ye haue alwaỳs slayne.
And yet ye shall here of a nother plage agayne.
Repent ye citizyns of London.

¶ Bycause to reſyſt God, you haue thynges diſceuſt.
God hath geune you vp, vnto your hartes luſte.
Cauſynge you to worſhype, thynges made of douſt.
Repent ye citizyns of London.

¶ What ſhamfull Idolatry, hath and douth rayne.
Amunge you in farnynge Godes, folyſhe and vaine.
The preſente dedes douth declare, it playne.
Repent ye citizyns of London.

¶ And now that your Godes, of woode and ſtone.
Of ſeluer and gouilde, be almoſte gonne.
Nowe other come, for mene to looke on.
Repent ye citizyns of London.

¶ I dare ſaye that there, is many a one.
That be glade that Images, be gonne.
Becauſe that them ſelues, may be loked apone.
Repent ye citizyns of London.

¶ Yen may w ſome wemen, in london be aquanted
That carued Idoldes, wer neuer more paynted.
With ſhinynge Facys, as though they ſayncted.
Repent ye citizyns of London.

¶ And this alſo, I may truly ſaye agayne.
That many men, be alſo as vayne.
And wolde be loked, apone as fayne.
Repent ye citizyns of London.

☞ Some make their Godes, of their chyldern.
And wyll not ſuffer, them to lerne.
Goddes holy Lawes, but of it them warne.
Repent ye citizyns of London.

Some make their Godes, of goodes vyle.
Wich they haue gotten, with crafte and gylle.
They neuer thynke, to leue but a whylle.
Repent ye citizyns of London.

Som make their Godes, of their dwellynge placys.
And neuer haue this, afore their facys.
That the buldyng of Heauē, this buldyng out facis.
Repent ye citizyns of London.
☞ Alas with my tears, I can not expreſe.
The a boundance of, the greate wyckednes.
That rayneth in the cittie, doutleſe.
Repent ye citizyns of London.
¶ Se what it is frome Godes, Lawes to ronne.
How many great evells, strayght way doth come.
It may be well ſene, by the citie of London.
Repent ye citizyns of Londou.
☞ Whan dyd any Mayer, knowe his Juſte dowtie.
☞ Whan dyd any ſhereffe, do his office truly.
☞ Whan dyd any ſargant, vſe him ſelfe godly.
Repent ye citizyus of London
☞ Whan dyd any Conſtable, ſee good order kepte.
☞ Whan dyd auy bedells, loke to pouertie ẏ wepte.
☞ Whau hard ye of Kepers, ẏ frō crueltie ſlpte.
Repent ye citizyns of London.
¶ Wher dwelleth any, ẏ hath his wyfe in ſubiection.
¶ Wher dweleth any vnder her Huſbādes correctiō
¶ Wher dwelleth man and wyfe, of godly affeccion.
Repent ye citizyns of London (lawe
☞ Whre dweleth a father, ẏ techeth his child godes
☞ Whre dweleth achild, ẏ is vnder his fathers awe
☞ Whre dweleth he, that often this ſawe.
Repent ye citizyns of London.
Where dweleth amaſter, ẏ kepeth his ſaruātes wel.
Where dweleth a ſaruāt, ẏ ſoloweth his maſters go-
Where dweleth theſe to ẏ trnly by ā ſelle. (od cōnſel.
Repent ye citizyns of London

¶ If I shoulde speake of their byinge and sellynge,
The crafte therin, passe my tounge tellynge.
Yit prouoketh agaynst the Gospel great rebellyng.
Repent ye citizyns of London.

¶ That they haue a delyght, to walke in the nyght,
And can not abyde, of the gospels lyght.
Is sene in sellynge their wares with small lyght.
Repent ye citizyns of London.

☞ Of greate Pentyls, they haue no lacke.
Payntynge their howsys, round about with blacke.
Though the ware be nought, the pryse is not slacke.
Repent ye citizyns of London.

¶ The lyght of the sonne, they can not abyde,
Nor to haue their wyndowes open and wyde.
And this do they only, that their craft be not spyde.
Repent ye citizyns of London

☞ ye and though the ware be starke nought.
yet wyll he sweare, by him that ys bought.
That there can no better in Englande be sought.
Repent ye citizyns of London.

☞ Fyrste he lyeth, and sayeth that it is good.
Then he sweareth, as thongh he were woode.
And him selfe forsweareth, in the same moode.
Repent ye citizyns of London.

☞ Here is a Plage for lyynge & a Plage for swering
☞ A Plage for periury, ỹ deserueth helle tearynge.
☞ Thre Plages ar deserued, a heuey heareryng.
Repent ye citizyns of London.

¶ Hayll, Brymstone, and also wylde fyre.
Shall come frome Heauen, to pay your hyere.
Unles shortly you, recompence the byear.
Repent ye citizyns of London

¶ ye brynge the curse of God, dayly on your heade.
whyche shall fall vpon you, as heuy as any lead.

For Pouertie with you, hath the strete for his bed.
Repent ye citizyns of London

Thy wilde Horsome Adultery, and Fornycation,
Is vsed amonge you, and not looked vpon:
with all kyndes of other abhomynation.
Repent ye citizyns of London

Amende Amende, I saye and Repente,
And saynot 'out wastynge', God hath you sente.
If you do not, you are lyke to be rent.
Repent ye sittizyns of London,

Acknowlege your synnes to ỳ lyuyng god almighty
And repent, fromę ỳ bottom of your hartes hartyly
And haue fayth in ỳ Bloude of Jesu Christ only.
Repent ye citizyns of London,

Pray vnto God, to increse your faythe.
And beleue all thynges, that scripture saythe.
And god shall saue you, through Christis death.
Repent ye citizyns of London,

You may well saye, that Fayth you haue.
Sufficient your soules to saue.
But your dayly workes, do you depraue.
Repent ye citizyns of London

Christe saythe, that euery good tree,
By his Frute, is knowne manyfestly.
your workes, declare that faythlesse you be,
Repent ye citizyns of London

Can thorns beare grapes, by any meane.
Or Byers Fygges, was it euer seane.
So a corrupt Fayth, shewe workes vnclene.
Repent ye citizyns of London,

A good tree must nydes bryuge furth good Frut.
Exsample by Christ, I may playnly dispute.
Whiche fyrste w̄ his dedes, dyd the Jewes confute.
Repent ye citizyns of London.

Euery tree, that bryngethe not forthe
Good frut, it is not hynge worthe.
But to be cast into fyere, that all wayte to[illegible]reth.
Repent ye citizyns of London

Lett your worckes, A fore mene too thynne.
Acordynge vnto, the scryptures Deuynne.
That god may be prayed, your Father and myne.
Repent ye citizyns of London,

And If amendement, bo not now apere.
That all mene may se it open and clyer.
Dowt ye not, but more shortly you shall here.
Repent ye citizyns of London.

Lett the voyce of you, vnto God be harde.
To pray for your Lorde and Kynge, Edwarde.
Confessyng you haue not, so good a kynge defarued
Repent ye citizyns of London,

Also pray ye, for the holle Counsell,
That the scryte of GOD, in them may dwell.
And then no dowt, they shall doo well.
Repent ye citizyns of London,

FINIS.

(Quod) Wyllyam Samuell.

Imprinted at London by me Humfrey
Powell, dewellinge aboue
Holburne conduit

And are to be soulde by Hugh syngelton
at the signe of saint Augustine in
Polles Churcharde.

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